

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

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A LOCK OF HAIR.

A wood-stump sat by a mossy tree
One bright May-day when buds were springing
Her tresses were dark as night could be,
But her heart was light, and she was singing
A sunny song in the forest there:
Was it show he gave me this lock of hair?

One midsummer noon, by the sighing sea,
Along the pebbly shore I strolled,
And one was there who walked with me,
Whose eyes were azure, whose hair was gold:
Was it she whose forehead yielded me this
Which I hold to my lips and lovingly kiss?

I roamed one twilight through a land
Of crimson and gold, where the autumn sun
Had painted the leaves with the dearest hand
That ever to mortal ken was known,
And by my side was a brown-haired girl:
Was it then that I stole a cherished curl?

The winter winds were wild and drear,
My soul was sick, and I sighed for rest,
And the woman who is to me most dear,
Kissed me, and soothed me upon her breast:
This tress is as white as a flake of snow,
And it came from my beautiful mother's brow.

THE RAILROAD DIRECTORS.

Two railroad directors sat down to dine
At the Astor House one day,
And after the dinner came plenty of wine—
Jolly directors were they.
Surplus and dividend they had stored
Where it would keep and swell,
And the delicate business of the board
That day they had managed well.

But the buzzing wine rose to their brains
And drowned discretion out,
While the greenish tinge of their heavy gains
Colored their thought, no doubt.
The door was ajar; they chuckled loud;
And a railroad traveler near,
Whose head for a murdered wife was bowed,
Their chuckles could but hear.

Said one, "Do you understand my move
For a new track all complete;
Our cars for the public we'll prove,
And our stock will sell the street.
We shall turn the old rails outside in,
And the old ties upside down,
And paint the bridges, that shake like zinc,
With a cheap and strengthening brown."

Said the other, "My Resolution strikes
Half the old hands away;
Each of the rest may go if he likes—
There are cheaper hands than they.
Some see to much, and I will have done
With their knowing growls of fear;
A worn-out engine had better be run
By a half-priced engineer."

The traveler rose with a hopeless groan
And went his desolate way;
He knew too well why he walked alone,
With his heart beneath the clay;
While the directors paid their bill
With never a sigh of care,
And to palace homes on Murray Hill
Rolled up through the golden air.

Next month was another "accident"
From a broken tie and rail,
And a score of precious souls were sent
Through the gateway cold and pale;
And by many more, crushed, maimed, and torn,
Writhing in hopeless pain,
Was the life-long, fearful witness borne
Of the vile directors' gain.

At a party, a lady treated her company
With preserved peaches. A gentleman at
the table put one, as he supposed, into
his mouth and attempted to pull out the
stem; after pulling some time, he was
obliged to give it up, and on putting it
on his plate he found that he had been
tugging away at a mouse, which had prob-
ably fallen into the lady's preserve-jar.
With the utmost coolness, he inquired of
the lady if she had a cat in the house.
Yes, sir, why?
Well, I would like to have her take this
mouse away, that's all.

On one occasion the Colonel was asked
by some ladies if it was not worse for the
gentlemen to drink than for ladies to use
snuff? The Colonel replied both were bad;
and that if his wife should ever take to
snuff, he'd lick her, certain.

NEBRASKA SALT.—Some of the richest
salt fields in the world are contained
in Nebraska. In Saline and Lancaster
counties, fifty miles from the Missouri
river, are about 20,000 acres in three
several basins, covered with a thick crust
of salt.

Everybody has read the touching ac-
count, which went the rounds about a
year ago, of the two dogs in San Fran-
cisco known as "Bummer" and "Lazarus";
of the firm friendship which existed
between them, and the grief of the
former when his companion was removed
by death. A California paper says:
"Bummer," the business partner of the
late lamented "Lazarus," is dead. In
life they were—two dogs with but a single
thought—two hearts that beat as one.
A monument should be erected to their
memory inscribed with 'Dog' on it.

Thirty plundering street car conduc-
tors were recently detected in New York
by female spies.

Moral Gems.

Men are sometimes accused of pride,
merely because their accusers would be
proud themselves if they were in their
places.

Experience is a pocket compass that
a fool never consults until he has lost his
way.

A melancholy Truth.—When a rakish
youth goes astray, friends gather around
him in order to restore him to the path
of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are
lavished upon him to win him back to in-
nocence and peace. No one would sus-
pect that he had ever sinned. But when
a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she
receives the brand of society, and is
henceforth driven from the ways of vir-
tue. The betrayer is honored, respected,
esteemed; but there is no peace for her
this side of the grave. Society has but
few loving, helping hands for her, no
smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness.
These are earthly merilities unknown to
heaven. There is a deep wrong in them,
and fearful are the consequences.

The rich man hath many friends, al-
though in truth riches have them and
not the man. As the ass that carried
the Egyptian goddess had many bowed
knees, yet not to the beast, but to the
burden; for separate the riches from the
person, and thou shalt see friendship
leave the man and follow that which ever
was her object. While he may com-
mand, and can either give or control, he
hath attendance and proffer of love at all
hands; but which of these dare acknowl-
edge him when he is going to prison for
debt? Then these wasps that made such
music about this gallop, show plainly
that they came only for the honey that
was in it. This is the misery of the
wealthy, that they cannot know their
friends; whereas those that love the poor
man, love him for himself. He that
would choose a true friend, must search
out one that is neither covetous nor am-
bitious; for a such one loves but himself
in thee; and if it be rare to find any
one not infected with those qualities, the best
is to entertain all and trust few.

Excessive wealth is neither glory nor
happiness. The cold and sordid wretch
who thinks only of himself, who draws
his head within his shell, and never puts
it out but for the purpose of lucre and
outcunning; who looks upon his fellow
creatures, not only without sympathy,
but with arrogance and insolence, as if
they were made to be his vassals, and he
to be their lord; as if they were made for
no other purpose than to pamper his
avarice, or to contribute to his aggran-
dizement; such a man may be rich, but
trust me he can never be happy, nor
virtuous, nor great. There is in a for-
tune a golden mean, which is the appro-
priate region of virtue and intelligence.
Be content with that; and if the horns of
plenty overflow, let its droppings fall
upon your fellow men; let them fall like
the droppings of honey in the wilder-
ness, to cheer the faint and weary pil-
grim.

We are born to trouble; and we may
depend upon it while we live in this
world we shall have it, though with in-
termittences, that is, in whatever state we
are, we shall find a mixture of good and
evil. And therefore the true way to
contentment is to know how to receive
these certain vicissitudes of life, the re-
turns of good and evil, so as neither to
be exalted by the one or overthrown by
the other, but to bear ourselves toward
everything which happens with such ease
and indifference of mind as to hazard as
little as may be. This is the true tem-
perate climate fitted us by nature, and
in which every wise man would wish to
live.

Of present fame think but little, and
of future less. The praises that we re-
ceive after we are buried, like the posies
that are strowed over our grave, may be
gratifying to the living, but they are
nothing to the dead. The dead are gone
either to a place where they hear them
not, or where, if they do, they will despise
them.

We are more inclined to hate one another
for points on which we agree. The reason
perhaps is this: when we find others that
agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves
to confirm that agreement; but when we
chance on those that differ with us, we are
jealous both to convince and to convert them.
Our pride is hurt by the failure, and dis-
appointed pride engenders hatred.

A Sleigh Load of Passengers Break Through the Ice Into the Mississippi River.

From the Cedar Falls (Iowa) Gazette.

On Wednesday morning last a load of
passengers, consisting of eight or ten gen-
tlemen and two ladies, attempted to cross
the river at Dubuque, to take the early
Eastern train. The sleigh was drawn by
one horse, attached some distance from
the vehicle, which also contained the bag-
gage of the passengers. It was the pub-
lic conveyance running from Dubuque to
Dunleith, and the agent accompanying it
carried a lantern, for it was dark. It had
proceeded but a short distance when the
ice gave way, and the sleigh gave a lurch
to the north, and the passengers were
precipitated into the river. Col. W. H.
Sessions and his daughter Mary, of this
city, were among the passengers. The
Colonel went over backwards, and pass-
engers and trunks came on top of him.
The agent had jumped from the sleigh as
he saw it going down, and, in seeking to
rescue those in the water, had broken in
and lost his light. It was so dark now
that nothing could be distinguished, and
the situation was terrible. The Colonel
was perfectly self-possessed, and repeat-
edly cautioned those around him not to
be frightened, and they would all get out.
He knew his daughter was in the water,
but where she was he could not tell. He
got hold of a lady whom he supposed to
be her, but soon discovered it was not.
He held her up, however, and finally got
her out. His daughter had gone entire-
ly under, and came up without her bon-
net. She was finally helped out by a
stranger, who told the Colonel that it
didn't matter what his name was. A lad-
der was brought and put down into the
water. This the Colonel grasped, and
he says it seemed to him he could hold
on to it forever. But his muscles relax-
ed in spite of him, and he went down.
He came up and ran his arm through the
rounds of the ladder and held on by his
forearm. He went under the water three
times before he got out. Miss Sessions
went under twice, and when taken out
was almost insensible. Her clothes were
soon frozen stiff, and she was unable to
walk. Her father, who was the last of all
out of the water, having forgotten his own
safety in the peril of others, was still ac-
tive, and carried her to the omnibus on
shore, which drove rapidly to the Julien
House. Here Miss Sessions was kindly
cared for by Mrs. Russ, the landlady; and
was soon quite comfortable. The Colo-
nel took the western train that day for
home, to inform his family and allay any
fears they might have from the circulation
of false reports. He resolved two dis-
patches from his daughter yesterday, and
she was quite well, not even having taken
cold. The Colonel came home in the
same clothes he had on when he went in-
to the river, and we can only account for
the man being alive and well in consid-
eration of the excitement which must have
attended one of his disposition. The
other passengers all got out safely. The
baggage was also saved. The horse and
sleigh did not get into the river. The
space of open water made by the break
was about twenty feet square. It was a
perilous situation and narrow escape.

A smooth sea never made a skillful
mariner, neither do uninterrupted pros-
perity and success qualify men for use-
fulness and happiness. The storms of
adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse
the faculties, and excite the invention,
prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voy-
ager. The martyrs of ancient times in
bracing their minds to outward calamities,
acquired a loftiness of purpose and a
moral heroism worth a lifetime of soft-
ness and security.

Small Courtesies.
I want to tell you a secret. The way to
make yourself pleasant to others, is to
show them attention. The whole world
is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared
for nobody—no, not he, because nobody
cared for him. And the whole world
would serve you so, if you gave them the
same cause. Let every one therefore, see
that you do care for them, by show-
ing them the small courtesies, in which
there is no parade, whose voice is still to
please, and which manifests themselves
by tender and affectionate looks and lit-
tle acts of attention, giving others the
preference in every little enjoyment at
the table, in the field, walking, sitting,
or standing.—Ex.

Corn as Fuel.

The last corn crop in Iowa was very
large—far above the demand for home
use; so that the superabundance of this
"staff of life" is being converted to the
useful purposes of fuel! It is said that a
bushel of corn will produce as much
heat as a bushel of coal; and those who
have tried the experiment affirm that
corn in the ear gives considerably more
heat than the same bulk of wood. Ears
of corn can be bought at ten cents per
bushel, and seventy bushels will measure
a cord. Wood, including sawing, costs
\$9.50 per cord, which is \$2.50 more than
the cost of a cord of corn, beside the fact
that the corn produces more heat. There
is a mill in Muscatine which has for some
time been using this kind of fuel, and it
is found to be superior to and cheaper
than any other.—Republican.

Spectacles for Horses.

The United States Gazette relates the
following incident: A gentleman had an
old valued horse whose sight was de-
fective. For some time past the quadru-
ped evinced a tendency to stumble, and
to strain his sight at objects close to him,
in a manner that set the kind hearted
owner to devising a remedy. The gen-
tleman judged that with a pair of spec-
tacles the horse would do as well as in his
prime. An optician ground to order a
pair of pebble glasses about the size of
the object glasses of a large lorgnette.
They were fixed in a frame over the
horse's eyes. That animal is now a horse
in spectacles, and not an elderly gen-
tleman ever yet showed a greater appre-
ciation of the convenience. When in the
stable the spectacles are removed.

Hydrophobia.

The Madison (Wisconsin) Journal gives
a fearful story of hydrophobia at Water-
loo, Wisconsin, upon the authority of
Henry Drew, assistant superintendent of
public property. It says:

Some six or seven years ago a mad
dog went through the village of Water-
loo, Jefferson county, and bit a number
of animals. Among others, it snapped at
the leg of a cow belonging to Mr.
Babeock. The animal was examined,
but no mark was found, and it was sup-
posed that it escaped being bitten. The
animal was afterward sold to a man by
the name of Garrison, who used her milk
freely, as did two of his children. Some
of his neighbors, including Mr. Drew's
family, were also supplied with the milk
of this cow. At different times during
the time since the cow was bitten, there
has been inexplicable and fatal sickness
among those using her milk, and two
children of Mr. Garrison's, two of Mr.
Drew's, and two others, have been at-
tacked with spasms, and died in great
agony. Mr. Garrison has also been at-
tacked at times with spasms. The mys-
tery of this sickness was solved by the
death, with every symptom of hydropho-
bia, a short time ago, of the cow so
slightly bitten seven years ago, and in
whose system madness had been latent
ever since. The case is a singular one
and worthy the attention of scientific
men.

The Climate of Arkansas.

The valley of the Nile cannot boast a
greater fertility than that of the Missis-
sippi, and grandeur and more diversified
scenery seldom meet the eye of the trav-
eller in any land than those which are
seen in the mountain regions of Arkansas.
Further South the fig and orange are
found, but there the fruits of the North
are found in higher perfection than in
any of the older States. The rigor of
winter is unknown, in February, the
peach trees are in full bloom, and March
there has often the beauty of May. A
more salubrious climate would be difficult
to find, and hundreds of the soldiers of
the Army of the Potomac were surprised
and delighted at the difference between
the climate of Arkansas and that of the
various States from which they came; and
it was not uncommon to hear them say
that when the war was over they would
make it their home. Indeed, the advan-
tages of the South were never fully ap-
preciated before, and one of the results of
the war will be that thousands who have
gone there in arms will at no distant day
through thither to cultivate the arts of
peace.—Prairie Grove Gazette.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in
the world is said to be at Kintung, in
China; where it forms a perfect road from
the top of one lofty mountain to the top
of another.

SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean awkward boy, came one morn-
ing to the door of the principal of a cele-
brated school and asked to see him.—
The servant eyed his mean clothes; and
thinking he looked more like a beggar
than anything else, told him to go around
to the kitchen. The boy did as he was
bidden, and appeared at the back door.

You want a breakfast more like, said
the servant girl, and I can give you that
without troubling him.

Thank you, said the boy, I should like
to see Mr.—, if he can see me.

Some old clothes may be you want, re-
marked the servant, again eyeing the
boy's patched clothes. I guess he has
none to spare; he gave away a sight, and
without minding the boys request, she
went about her work.

Can I see Mr.—? again asked the boy,
after finishing his bread and butter.

Well, he is in the library, if he must
be disturbed, he must but he does like to
be alone sometimes, said the girl in a pec-
uliar tone. She seemed to think it very
foolish to admit such a ill-looking fellow
into her master's presence, however, she
wiped her hands and bade him follow.
Opening the library door, she said:

Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful
anxious to see you, and so I let him in.
I don't know how the boy introduced
himself, or how he opened business, but
I know that after talking awhile, the
principal put aside the volume which he
was studying, and took up some Greek
books and began to examine the new com-
er. The examination lasted some time.
Every question which the principal asked
the boy was answered readily.

Upon any word, exclaimed the prin-
cipal, you do certainly do well, looking at
the boy from head to foot, over his spec-
tacles. Why, my boy, where did you
pick up so much?

In my spare moments, answered the
boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with
but few opportunities for schooling, yet
almost fitted for college, by improving
his spare moments. Truly, are not spare
moments the gold dust of time? How
precious they should be! What account
can you show for them? Look and see.
This boy can tell you how very much can
be laid up by improving them; and there
are many, many other boys, I am afraid,
in jail, in the house of correction, in the
forecastle of a whale ship, in the tipping
shop, who if you should ask them when
they began their sinful courses, might
answer, In my spare moments.

In my spare moments I gambled for
marbles. In my spare moments I began
to smoke and drink. It was in my spare
moments that I gathered wicked associ-
ates.

Oh, be careful how you spend your
spare moments! Temptation always
hunts you out in such seasons as these,
when you are not busy, he gets into your
heart, if he possibly can, in just such
gaps. There he hides himself, planning
all sorts of mischief. Take care of your
spare moments.

Interesting to Travellers.

The following "rules of the road" are
based upon legal decisions, and ought to
be universally made known. The courts
have decided that applicants for tickets
on railroads can be ejected from the cars
if they do not offer the exact amount of
their fare. Conductors are not bound to
make change. All railroad tickets are
good until used, conditions "good for
this day only," or otherwise admitting
time of genuineness, are of no account.
Passengers who lose their tickets can be
ejected from the cars unless they pur-
chase a second one. Passengers are
bound to observe decorum in the cars,
and are obliged to comply with all rea-
sonable demands to show their tickets.
Standing upon the platform, or otherwise
violating the rules of the company, ren-
ders a person liable to be put from the
train. No person has a right to monopol-
ize mere seats than he has paid for;
and any article left in a seat, while the
owner is temporarily absent, entitles him
to the place upon his return.

A Dutchman, a few days ago, picked
up a bound volume of documents, on the
back of which was stamped "Pub. Does."
"Teifel," said he, "vat kind of books vill
dey brint next? As I lif, here ish one
on pup toge."

A Remarkable Circumstance.

Last fall Mr. Slimmer, of this place
bought a pair of two year old steers of a
man named Flynn, living on the Shell
Rock, about twelve miles from here. The
cattle were brought to this city, and after
remaining here a short time were driven
to Palo Alto county, a distance of 175
miles, to be wintered. The steers were
kept at the latter place until last spring,
where they were driven by way of Fort
Dodge across the Missouri River into Ne-
braska, a distance of two hundred and
forty miles, and there they were sold to
freighters, to go to Idaho. About six
weeks ago these same cattle returned to
Flynn's farm, where they were raised.
The steers were galled from the yoke,
and they were bruised and strained, show-
ing that they had been doing heavy work;
and the probability is that after being sold
to the freighters they traveled westward
until they gave out, perhaps, two hun-
dred miles or more, and were then turned
loose. It is truly a remarkable fact that
these two steers, after an absence of nearly
a year, should alone and unattended,
aided by their dumb instinct, find their
way back to the place of their nativity,
a journey probably not less than six hun-
dred miles. There can be no mistake
about Mr. Flynn and others recognize
them. Mr. Slimmer, in the absence of
the rightful owner, has made arrange-
ments to have them comfortably wintered,
thinking that cattle evincing so strong
a love for home, and such almost human
intelligence in discovering it, should be
properly and kindly cared for.—Cedar
Falls Gazette.

A Well to do Couple.

A. T. Stewart, the dry goods million-
aire in New York, among his other pos-
sessions, owns both the St. Nicholas and
the Metropolitan hotels—the snug little
sum of \$130,000 a year as their rental,
providing him with pocket money to buy
cigars with and peanuts. As he and his
wife are alone in the world, have no
children, and are excessively economical
in their expenditures, it is possible that
their million and a half a year of income
may enable them to subsist, at least, in
these extravagant times, especially as
they have the choice of two hotels to live
in free gratis for nothing.—Pittsburg
Dispatch.

Terrible Accident.—Woman and Child Drowned.

We learn from a gentleman who came
from Kansas yesterday afternoon, that as
a man was crossing from this side with a
wagon heavily loaded with goods, drawn
by two horses, in which was riding a wo-
man and child, when near the middle of
the river, the ice gave way, engulfing
woman, child, horses and wagon into the
water, and they were immediately swept
out of sight by the flood.—St. Joe Union.

Winter in Arizona.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 4.
Advices from Fort Yuma, Arizona,
state that large numbers of Mexican re-
fugees were assembling in that territory
preparatory to marching into Sonora, re-
inforced by Camanche Indians.

Nearly 200 Apaches entered the Mex-
ican town of Sonora, and plundered the
merchants in a merciless manner.

The food at Fort Yuma was sufficient
for the garrison. Snow storms rendered
the roads impassable.

Prescott City was blockaded by snow
and the inhabitants threatened with star-
vation.

A grand council of the Mariposa, Pimo,
Mohave and Yuma Indians had been held
for the purpose of forming an expedition
against the Apaches.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 4.

Gerard Hallock, the founder, and for
many years proprietor of the New York
Journal of Commerce, died at his resi-
dence in this city at half past 9 o'clock
this evening. He had been suffering
from a complication of disorders for the
past six months, but was not confined to
his residence until two weeks past. He
was sixty-six years of age.

The Three Cities.

The city of London, in the last ten
years, has increased in population 441,
753, or 7 per cent. New York, 200,104,
or 56 per cent., and Philadelphia, 222,
484, or 65 per cent. The number of
houses built in London during that time
was 5,349; in New York, 1,668, and in
Philadelphia, 2,805. London has been
settled 2,000 years. New York 210 and
Philadelphia 178.